VOLUME 12 NUMBER 10

KNAVE

75p

SIX BLAZING BEAUTIES FOR BONFIRE NIGHT.

OUR AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION: FIRST FABULOUS CONTESTANT.

ALIENS IN THE SNUG: PUB GAMES IN THE 21ST CENTURY.

LUST AND FOUND: EROTIC SECRETS FROM A VICTORIAN JOURNAL.

France	FR 17.00
Sweden	S.Kr 11.50
Holland	FL 7.90
Germany	Dm 6.80
Denmark	D.Kr 20.50
Italy	Lire 2400
Spain	Ptas 200
Canada	$2.95

70925MM

The Inge

Inge (35-27-34 and pale pink) has a slight problem. She's just ever so slightly shy of photographers and their heavy equipment. Why on earth did she agree to pose in the first place? And *nude* in the bargain? Has she got something to hide? Is it all a ghastly mistake? You may well ask.

Well, being sort of curious ourselves, we asked her why, in particular, she was using her lovely blonde hair as a shield and then, lower down the body, thrusting this Grecian toga in front of her most attractive parts.

Photographed by Ed Alexander

"It's all very confusing", she said, after a long silence. "I do like my body, and I thought I'd like to show it off. But when the camera came out I wasn't so sure any more. I felt awkward and very tall".

As you can see, Inge changed her mind eventually, exposing herself with a mixture of reticence and awe. She prefers to be handled with care. It's like the flowers she posed beside. She's definitely in bloom, but she'd rather not get picked up and placed in a vase.

Photographed by Lewis Blood

JANINE

Picture green rolling hills, scalding afternoon sun and a thin summer breeze rising from horizon-spanning vista. Feet thudding on springy turf, throaty laughter and a vision of a girl in an opaque dress, statuesque outline silhouetted against the sky. "My *Wuthering Heights* fantasy", grins Janine.

"I loved the book long before Kate Bush's record came out. I've seen at least three film versions of it. My dream would be dancing about the open heath with some fantastic man, rolling about in the heather. The only trouble is I don't live anywhere near Yorkshire. The South Downs will have to do!"

The closest she came to realisation was "a naughty moment" with an ex-fiance in a brick ruin overlooking the pub atop Devil's Dyke in Sussex, a few miles from her native Brighton. "It wasn't *that* naughty", insists 34-23-35 inch Janine". But we could have been seen. Like Cathy and Heathcliffe".

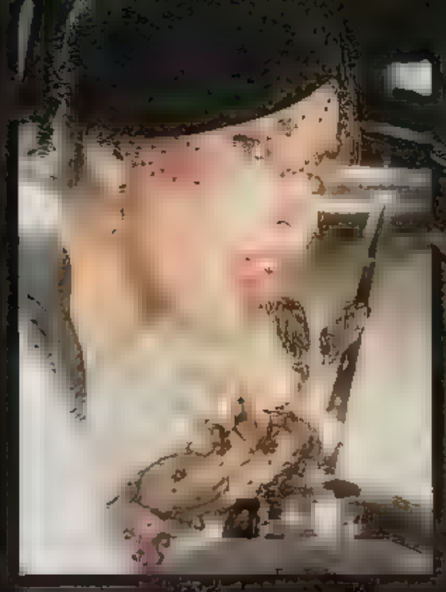
Photographed by Arny Freytag

Every cloud, they say, has a silver lining. Silver Clouds—of the kind manufactured by Messrs. Rolls-Royce—should, therefore, have linings of an even higher quality: gold, perhaps, diamonds or, ideally, that most superior of luxurious embellishments: the 34-23-34 inch outline of a girl like Jo

Five feet two, high cheek-boned, shapely of leg and thigh, 24-year-old Josephine breathes the unforced, almost unconscious sexuality of the true-born Scorpio. As classic of its kind as a Rolls.

"Making love on the move in a car like this would be extraordinary" she considers. "Can you imagine bombing down a motorway, stripping off in the back and doing it without even hearing the engine?

Her voice is a softly accented purr. "All those passing motorists catching a glimpse and never being sure what they saw!" Big eyes enlarge at the thought of outrage. She smiles man-devouringly. "What an experience, what a romance!" In fact a Roller romance.



Kuroneko
Maid of the Month

The truth about Ruth is really that simple. She's a quiet, modest girl who has worked for the Halifax Building Society, wears a 36C cup bra, cooks a very mean paella, loves Berlioz and eight hours sleep a night. Settling down is still only in the pipeline.

Apparently, though, when she takes off her clothes in front of a man it's a different matter. Like a man to touch my skin, explore me. I'm a very loud lover. In fact I've been known to leave my calling card on a man's neck or down his spine. We can imagine

Ruth

Photographed by R. G. Kane